1.4.96

a Lesson in the University of The New Covenant

Theodore Cottingham, February 23, 2006 around 1pm in coffeeshop

www.unc.bz

1. Who can see the end is coming? Who can see that the end is here? Who can tell what is ending and what is beginning, and choosing to be a part of it they will, do, are, even as we speak, write, publish, proclaim the beginning from the end and the end from the beginning and which is neither as supposed or thought.

2. Who can see the beginning of the end and the end of the beginning not but the end of what now is and has been for too long and was not, should not have been, but is now coming to a close and a has-been being, now powerless, was always/all along, now known and no one incarcerated/powerless that cares for me/my soul. I love you.

3. Who can know what I am talking about, speaking about, writing about, publishing about, proclaiming me and what I am doing/bringing about? You can, everyone can, who surrenders to my teaching, my teaching, letting me teach and be me, me being me in them and letting them be them in ways never imagined/comprehended nor has entered the mind of man.

4. See what I have said and enjoy and fear not, fear nothing, fear not fear nor those who pose themselves as being so/all powerful yet having no power over you at all/whatsoever.

5. Fear not. Fear only losing sight of what I am doing, not, yea as a spectator watching what I am doing, but fear my reticence, my hesitancy to give you my all, when really, I have given you my all, but/yet you only see/receive in surrender. Can you surrender into surrender, into vision, mine? Can you surrender into my heart? Can you surrender into my words to write my words and receive nurture from/through only me, and me being me, know who you are and what you are and what all I have placed inside you and how now you can operate transcendentless of man's opinions and emotions bearing not-me that try to penetrate your mail?

6. Can you see, believe, receive, yea, become the word of I Am that you already are, apart from yourself, your self thought, your self-thought that so limiting/demeaning is, to all others ***and*** you *as you project*

onto yourself that which you think you are? See what I have said. Alter not. Alter not. Alter never.

7. I am whose altar and whose are you? And what are you doing with your altar, inside you, in your temple, and what/where is, are, your elements; or yourself, or me, our father, or what/who/where and when do/will you choose to mature to see?

8. What do you choose for now to do in the night that so cataclysmic is and coming so rapidly with the rapaciousness of tigers not, but yea lions that know fangs, yet having powerlessness built in to their very thought-being and all-powerlessness isn't, but yea powerless is, to the/my surrendered, surrendered to father's heart/being, being, being father. I love you.

9. All is as was, not, but now is, and around the corner, not, but in Zion is, redeemed and replete and a/the highway in the wilderness no longer connected-dis, but yea is straight and not narrow. Watch me.

10. I love you crystal, crystal, crystal living word of truth flowing with no taint/impurities, motive only of father. Thank you crystal'd one, now sharing/flowing crystal clear purity now to millions, afar, afar, and farther than near and closer than breath. Thank you.

11. *The leadership of the crystal revolution comes/forms and who is there with me in Residency 1?* 2? Nay. A host? Nay, hosts plural. See and believe/receive. You are a priest in the order of Melchizedek and who are the others? Yea, Melchizedek also. Watch me come and share my body/blood/being so all know who I am/they are. And yea watch me come and call and conquer every unbelief/disbelief, and operate wing'd yea all. I watch. I Am, you are. Thank you. Amen.

12. You go after me not, you are me, and my/our experiences are in each other, in each others' loins/thoughts. Your priesthood raise at midnight not, yea, even now in Residency 1 like never imagined. All comes forth and countries afar bid for your appearing. All want me, not as thought, but in thought all comes forth real and tangible-empirical and who can be the king of kings? The surrendered. Thank you. Amen.

13. More please? More please? More please later? Thank you.
14. My pen’er royal.
15. **My Londoner perennial.**
16. My lovely to lovely.
17. My love to my love.
18. My love to my body through my surrendered-all.

Thank you. Amen.